

## A REMONSTRANCE.

(By an Indignant Libera!.)

[“ISEN’s political plays probably suggested the subject of OTTO ERNST’s drama, *Bannermann*, the politician whom a career of uninterrupted success has converted from a statesman of genuine and Liberal principles to a merely tyrannical and corrupt party leader. The piece has some merit, but is marred by a conventionally happy ending.”—*The Times, Lit. Sup.*]

SIR! Mr. Punch! Can what I read be true?

And has some Teuton dramatist indited  
A’ shameless play (inspired by ISEN, too!)

In which our Liberal Leader’s fame is slighted,  
His character and principles aspersed?  
Of all base outrages this is the worst!

Is it a slip of the Reviewer’s pen,  
Too much engrossed in one great Politician  
To realise there may be other men

With other names holding the same position?  
No, if the printed title-page you scan,  
The name undoubtedly is *Bannermann*.

Who is this ERNST, this monster that has dared  
To take the name we venerate in vain?  
Had it been BALFOUR I should not have cared.  
I should have laughed had it been CHAMBERLAIN.  
But BANNERMAN.—To choose that sacred head!  
No wonder that I doubted when I read.

Teuton, a score of damning facts disclose  
Your ignorance of him whom you defame.  
Three “n’s” in all (not four as you suppose)  
Go to the making of his honoured name;  
While other obvious errors make it clear  
You haven’t really studied his career.

Tyrannical? The epithet’s absurd.  
No Party chief ever deserved it less.  
Nor is “uninterrupted” quite the word  
Best fitted for describing his success.  
While, if it was sarcastically meant,  
That I should almost equally resent.

There have been times when even Liberals deemed  
The Party’s leadership might well be altered,  
There have been moments when it almost seemed  
As if his followers’ allegiance faltered.  
The dramatist who fails to note this fact,  
And set it down, is worse than inexact.

Teuton, one fact alone can save your play,  
Which otherwise were wholly past defending:  
It has one merit nought can take away—  
It has, I understand, a happy ending.  
In the last act—this half redeems your sin—  
A Liberal Government is really in!

## SHOULD MOTORISTS BE SHOT?

(Or, THE NEW QUEENSBERRY RULES.)

As the result of two narrow escapes within ten days, an inquiry was made last week by the Marquis of QUEENSBERRY of the West London Police Magistrate, as to whether he was at liberty to carry a revolver or rifle in order to defend himself and his family from being run over by the motorists of the Hammersmith Road. We sincerely trust that matters will not reach such a pitch as to necessitate the frequent production of lethal weapons from the hip-pockets of the Far West. The inhabitants of West Kensington are not all adept shots at the “running deer,” which in this instance takes the form of a scorching road-hog. If the thoroughfares of that



## A JU-JITSUOUS HINT.

Fair Victim. “PARDON, MR. SNOBBARTS, THIS IS A WALTZ, I BELIEVE, NOT A BOUT OF JU-JITSU!”

neighbourhood are to be transformed into local Bisleys, we fear that there will be a speedy shortage of ratepayers and other occupants of the side-walk. The butchers and grocers of the North End Road will have to wear bullet-proof cuirasses, and the other tradesmen will need their subterranean shelters when the quarry runs amok and the fur begins to fly. We must at any rate entreat the paterfamilias and the nurse-maid, great though the provocation may be, not to whip out six-shooters or level fowling-pieces until they have had some practice at clay pigeons or hard-driven partridges. It would also be unsportsmanlike to take pot-shots at motorists sitting, in the case of a break-down, unless recognised as dangerous specimens of *feræ naturæ*—and even then a game licence should be taken out.

On the whole, we do not recommend this method of dealing with rogue chauffeurs who have turned Turk, and cannot be corralled in a blind alley. A Texan lasso or Patagonian bolas might be introduced with advantage, and possibly harpoons or knob-berries would do at short range, but the present crowded state of the London streets will not permit of firearms, for anyone but BUFFALO BILL to shoot folly as it flies at double the legal rate.

HIS 29TH “TIME ON EARTH?”—“The tall Australian (KEMODE) was in rare form on the opening day, which happened to be the anniversary of his 29th birthday.”—Mr. L. O. S. Poidevin in the “Manchester Evening Chronicle.”

## CICERO DE ORATORE.

[Lord ROSEBERT's Derby candidate is here supposed, on the eve of the race, to indulge in meditation upon his owner's career.]

To-morrow is the 31st of May,  
And they will call me early for a spin,  
To stretch my legs against the coming fray,  
Which with a bit of luck I ought to win;  
And by preoccupations much distraught  
I shall have little space for quiet thought;  
Therefore to-night before I turn to rest  
Let me awhile consider calmly how  
That Orator who owns me feels just now—  
What sentiments inspire his noble breast  
When he compares his Public Form with mine.

Does lost occasion make his heart repine?  
Do my prospective chances—far from small—  
On these memorial Downs (adjacent to  
His own suburban residence) recall  
The twin events of *Ladas'* record year,  
When Man and Beast secured the Riband Blue  
Each in his own peculiar kind of sphere—  
Politics and the Turf? No doubt they do.  
No doubt he wishes now, a touch too late,  
That he had kept in training, done his share  
Of morning gallops, whittling down his weight,  
Gone through his trials like a Horse of Blood,  
And scored a triumph for the Liberal stud,  
Largely composed of platers. What a pair  
We two had made for history's delight,  
That loves repeating tales she told before.  
O why, I ask, did he himself ignore  
The rules of action he prescribed for me?  
For, had he let my labours be confined  
To solitary walking exercise  
In arable country somewhere out of sight,  
And taking, now and then, when so inclined,  
An exhibition canter in the Row—  
Does anyone suppose that I should be  
The horse I am to-day in people's eyes,  
And backed to bear their bullion? Bless you, no!

Not that I'd have him entertain remorse  
On my account. 'Tis true I cannot get  
Reflected glory such as *Ladas* got,  
He being what he was—a Premier's horse,  
That had a Liberal Cabinet in trust  
And carried all their hopes, while I am not  
A Nonconformist Party's colt, but just  
A simple unassuming Peer's. And yet  
For worlds I would not stand in *Ladas'* shoes  
And feel as he felt ere he went to bed  
Upon the night before his classic race,  
With such responsibilities to face,  
Equal, in extra weight, to two stone dead.  
For, if I win, why then I bring renown  
On self and Earl; whereas, if I should lose,  
At least I drag no Liberal Premier down  
And set profanity a-gaping at  
Our common ruin. I am glad of that.

O. S.

## The Simple Life.

In a paragraph headed "The Simple Life," the *Yorkshire Evening Post* quotes a witness who said that "defendant walked along the public streets with his arm round his young lady's waist and neck." But surely this serpentinefeat is not so "simple" a thing as our contemporary supposes.

A DEADLY PRODUCT OF AUSTRALIAN SOIL.—The Terror COTTER.

## TO THE QUEEN.

MADAM.—It is announced that the Hurlingham Club have decided to abandon pigeon-shooting as an item in the programme of their sports. While it is the duty of those who are the subjects of King Edward at all times to lay before your feet the expression of their homage and affection, it is their privilege at this moment to approach you with a feeling in which gratitude and devotion bear even more than their ordinary share. The shooting of trapped pigeons is a hateful and a cowardly form of amusement, but it has been disguised under the name of sport, and men and women who would otherwise have turned from it in horror have allowed themselves to be deceived by the pretence, and have sanctioned it by their presence. Your woman's heart was moved by the tortures so wantonly inflicted on these bright and beautiful birds, the gentlest and most innocent of God's feathered creatures, and you made known your disapproval. It is for this that we thank you both in the name of humanity, which was outraged, and of sport, which was turned to base uses. Men and women of fashion are strange beings. They will endure for long a spectacle at which their better nature revolts, if only they can bring themselves to believe that the dictates of society sanction it, and that true sportsmanship requires its perpetuation. After your disapproval was made known they could believe this no longer, and thus it has come about that at Hurlingham there is to be no more shooting of pigeons.

In other places in the world, I may be told, this so-called sport will continue. That is true, but the example thus set under your gracious inspiration by an institution so distinguished as the Hurlingham Club cannot be without force or remain for long without followers. When it is known that the sportsmen of England, moved by their QUEEN, have frowned upon a pursuit and abandoned it, that pursuit cannot long remain in the category of acknowledged sports in any other country. But, be this as it may, our thanks to you are none the less fervent and sincere. Henceforth the brightness and calm of a summer's day—and where is it brighter or calmer than on the banks of the Thames?—will not be marred at Hurlingham by the wanton death or the miserable agony of birds. Here at any rate the mercy which it is the privilege of Royalty to exercise has not been without effect. I am, with all loyal devotion, Your Majesty's humble and obedient servant,

PUNCH.

## CHURCH AND STAGE.

[Mr. P. F. WARNER, the well-known cricketer, has consented to read the lessons at St. Mary-at-Hill, City, to-morrow evening.—*Daily Mail*, May 20.]

THERE is much in this novel announcement that commends itself to us; for we see in it the germ of a new system of church finance capable of great and profitable development, and one that seems especially likely to supply a want in these days when bazaars are becoming antiquated and overdone, and appear to be getting a little "blown on" in ecclesiastical circles. We anticipate in the near future a series of announcements something like the following:

The Australian Cricket Team have kindly promised to hand round the offertory bags at St. —'s Church next Sunday morning.

Messrs. ROBERTS and STEVENSON have graciously consented to act as pew-openers at the morning service at St. —'s next Sunday, and in the evening the Amateur Golf Champion will assist the management in this department.

The *corps de ballet* and lady-supers of the Aphrodite Theatre have promised to sit well forward in the front row of the gallery at St. —'s on Sunday evening next. The church is lighted by electricity.



### EXPERT OPINION.

LEOPOLD. "SILLY FUSS THEY'RE MAKING ABOUT THESE SO-CALLED ATROCITIES IN MY CONGO PROPERTY."  
ABOUT. "ONLY TALK, MY DEAR BOY. THEY WON'T DO ANYTHING. THEY NEVER TOUCHED ME!"

MAY

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### A NATURAL INFERENCE.

"OH, MAMMA, I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN BY *BOUND ASLEEP* NOW. JUST LISTEN TO PAPA!"

#### WHY I HAVE GIVEN UP WRITING NOVELS.

(*A Personal Explanation in Two Parts.*)

##### PART II.

I HAVE already hinted at a period prior to which the troubles caused by my too fertile imagination can scarcely be said to have commenced. Personally, I should date this period from the ill-omened hour in which *Desmond McAvelly* first crossed my threshold. *McAvelly*, it is perhaps unnecessary to remind the reader, was the villain in *Poisoned Porridge*, and even the modesty of an author cannot blind me to the fact that he was a devilish good villain, as villains go.

He arrived in the powerful automobile with which for the purposes of the plot I had provided him in the novel, and, when he threw off his goggles-mask and fur overcoat, he revealed himself in irreproachable evening-dress, which seemed to indicate the drawing-room as the most appropriate place for him. It was accordingly placed at his disposal, and there he sat all day, consuming innumerable cigarettes, as he thought out his intricate and infernal schemes.

At meal-times, however, he joined the other residents at my board—for I was practically running a boarding-house, except that, as they none of them possessed any visible means of support, I made no profits worth mentioning.

I was pained to observe that he completely got round the

hero's mother, who persisted in believing that *McAvelly* was a cruelly misunderstood person, with excellent moral principles—indeed, the only time the dear old lady and I ever differed at all seriously was once when I ventured to warn her that he might possibly be other than he seemed. Considering that I could not give her my grounds for distrusting him, it would perhaps have been wiser to have held my peace. As for the hero (who really was more of a noodle than I ever could have anticipated), he fell at once under the spell of *McAvelly*'s baleful glamour, and was absurdly flattered by his slightest notice.

Not so *Yolande*, who, I am proud to record, was true to my conception of her as the embodiment of guileless British girlhood, and shrank instinctively from his insidious advances. He took his revenge by poisoning her lover's mind against her, as of course such a villain would. How he managed it exactly I do not know, as I was not present, but the consequence was that *Cedrie* soon began to treat her with marked coldness, if not actual aversion. She quitted our roof, determined to end her despair by suicide, rather frequently about this time.

Honest *Martha* could not, as she frankly stated, "thole" *McAvelly*, who invariably adopted towards her a politely ironical tone that no respectable elderly domestic could be expected to stand. I should have felt easier in my mind if I could have known precisely what he was plotting during the

long hours he spent alone in my drawing-room, because, in the novel, I had thrown out a vague suggestion (merely for effect, as the plot did not turn upon it) that, when not otherwise engaged, he was rather by way of being an anarchist of sorts. It was by no means pleasant to think that, in his spare moments, he might be busy compounding bombs on the chiffonier!

So that, when a middle-aged stranger in blue spectacles presented himself, and, after explaining that he was a chronic invalid with a pet cobra (quite harmless) and a passion for playing the concertina and eating hashish, begged me to receive him into my household as a paying guest, I consented with unspeakable relief.

For of course I knew at once that he could be no other than my great but eccentric amateur detective, *Rumsey Prole*. Some critics have professed to see certain resemblances between this character of mine and one of Sir CONAN DOYLE'S. I can only say that, if any similarity exists at all, it is purely accidental. *Rumsey Prole* is an entirely original creation evolved from my own unassisted imagination. Besides, his methods are so absolutely different from those of the rival specialist. But I can afford to ignore these pettifogging criticisms.

With *Prole* on the spot I felt safer. I fitted up a box-room in the attics for him as a sort of snugger, where he could play with the cobra, or on the concertina, and chew hashish to his heart's content. I frequently went up to consult him, and generally found him absorbed in reading *Euclid*, which he maintained was more amusing and better illustrated than most of the popular magazines. I regret to say, however, that he seemed to attach but little importance to my suspicions of *McArdle*, and in short behaved with a *brusquerie* which—had I known him less well—I might have mistaken for offensive rudeness. But it was a great comfort to have him about. That massive mind of his was, I knew, working all—or most of—the time, and the ease with which he had unravelled the rather complicated mystery of *Poisoned Porridge* seemed a guarantee that he would be fully equal to checkmating any fresh devilries *McArdle* might attempt.

How it happened I can't explain—perhaps *Prole* took a little too much hashish—but *McArdle* contrived to pull off his crime—whatever it was, for I never ascertained its precise character. I gathered, however, from *Inspector Chugg* (another creation of mine whom, for reasons of my own, I had not thought fit to invest with any excessive brilliancy) that it was something in the nature of Common Barratry—and a hanging matter. With truly diabolical cunning *McArdle* had contrived to throw suspicion on the innocent and unfortunate *Cedric*, who, believing, though on insufficient grounds, that *Yolande* was the culprit, nobly took the blame on himself—which was only what I should have expected of him. He had done much the same thing before in the book. Naturally *Yolande* misunderstood his motive, and, being a thoroughly nice-minded girl, recoiled from a lover who had openly confessed himself a Common Barrator. But I was rather surprised when *Inspector Chugg* arrested them both, and, after subjecting them to a searching cross-examination, warned them that whatever they had said would be taken down and used in evidence against them at their trial.

In fact I was about to make an indignant protest, when, to my unfeigned delight, *Rumsey Prole*, having emptied his box of hashish, finished the first book of *Euclid*, and charmed the cobra into a state of coma by playing all the tunes he knew on the concertina, came down to the rescue.

This marvellous man, by a series of ingenious deductions from cigarette ashes, tea-leaves, a disused tram-car ticket, a marked farthing, and samples of fluff, all of which his trained eye had detected on the carpet, demonstrated beyond all

possibility of doubt that the actual culprit was no other than myself!

I was positively thunderstruck; for, up to that juncture, I could have sworn that I was innocent, and it was a bitter moment when my own *Cedric* and *Yolande*, their faith in one another now completely restored, avowed their conviction of my guilt, adjuring me in moving terms not to suffer this dark stain to blight their young lives, but to confess all, and hope for the mercy of heaven! I adjured them not to be a couple of young idiots. Still I could not help recognising that, unless the world at large were more amenable to reason, I was in rather a tight place. In fact I saw the Gallows plainly looming before me!

Fortunately, at the eleventh hour, a deliverer came forward in the homely person of good old *Martha*, who remembered by the merest chance that there were certain documents in a brass-bound desk belonging to her mistress which might possibly throw some light on the subject. These were produced and submitted to *Mr. Deedes*, the family solicitor, who perused them anxiously, spectacles on nose, during a prolonged and most dramatic silence. At last he wiped his spectacles, blew his nose with more than usual resonance, and, in accents husky with emotion, pronounced that, so far as he had been able to interpret the papers, they not only proved my entire innocence and incriminated *McArdle* (whom I had suspected from the first) but also established *Cedric's* claim to a dormant peerage, and identified *Yolande* as the long-sought heiress of a South African millionaire, who had lately died intestate after bequeathing her ten thousand a year and a palatial mansion in Park Lane!

Altogether dear old *Deedes* trumpeted to some purpose on that occasion! Even I should never have thought of such a way out of the labyrinth in which we were all so inextricably entangled. But it only shows how marvellously an author's characters may be capable of developing if they are only started with a strong enough individuality!

There is little more to relate. *McArdle*, humming a careless snatch and muttering horrible imprecations under his breath, had already evaded the strong arm of the Law by sauntering out of the house—and out of our lives, for ever! *Rumsey Prole* wrung my hand warmly, with the remark that the result was in exact accordance with all his calculations—after which he packed up his cobra and concertina, and left to lay in a fresh supply of hashish before proceeding to investigate another case that demanded his assistance.

*Cedric* and his mother, with *Yolande* and the faithful *Martha*, departed to claim the dormant peerage and occupy the palace in Park Lane. I made no attempt to detain them. Only good old *Mr. Deedes* was left on my hands, and, as I could not stand his practising as a solicitor any longer in my breakfast-room, I took an office for him in Bedford Row, where he can wipe his spectacles and blow his nose unseen and unheard—for I can hardly believe that any sane client will ever consult him professionally. I know I shan't.

I think I have now said enough to enable the Gentle Reader to understand how and why it is that, in spite, or perhaps I should say *because* of the unprecedented success that has attended my first humble effort in fiction, I am resolved that it must never be repeated.

Indeed, what I have gone through already has upset me so severely that my doctor has ordered me to take a complete rest, and I am just now staying (though only temporarily) at a Sanatorium.

The Medical Superintendent here is inclined—as I can see plainly, however he may endeavour to disguise it—to regard my strange experiences as more or less imaginary.

However, when he sees them in print, and in such a periodical as *Punch*, he will, I fancy, be compelled to take them seriously.

F. A.

## CHARIVARIA.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN has prepared a list of nine reforms which his party will deal with when they come into office, and intends to add others when they occur to him. This is really Liberal.

At the moment when the DEPUTY-SPEAKER closed the sitting of the House on account of "grave disorder," several Irishmen were seriously considering the question put to us by a certain advertising firm, "With what shall we cover the floor?"

It is rumoured that, as an act of grace, on June 17, to celebrate the inauguration of the L.C.C. Penny Steamboat service, *Nelson and his Captains* is to be readmitted to the list of school-prizes authorised by that body.

Scotland, meanwhile, is indignant at the exclusion of *Burns* from the list, and it has even been suggested that such exclusion is due to the insensate jealousy of a Member of the Council of the same name.

The cold snap ended last week after a short duration, and it is feared that, after all, it may be impossible to hold the Skating Championship of England this summer.

The approaching marriage of the German CROWN PRINCE promises to be an imposing affair. Nor has the amusement of the populace been forgotten. When the bride makes her state entry into the capital, her bodyguard will consist of the Guild of Berlin Butchers, who will be in evening dress, with white ties, white gloves, and silk hats, and mounted on real horses.

The want of facilities for the repairing of ships at Vladivostock is being commented on even in St. Petersburg. This acknowledgment that the heroes of the Dogger Bank ought to have accommodation in the dock is welcome though tardy.

The Russian bomb-throwers, as the result of constant practice, are improving even in their accidents. A premature explosion at Warsaw last week victimised two detectives as well as the owner of the bomb.

The *Daily Chronicle* is usually so careful in its spelling that we were surprised to come across the following paragraph, last week, in its cricket notes:—"It will be seen that, while HULL reappears, ARMSTRONG goes into retirement, with GEHES, NEWLAND, and HOPKINS. The man who made 243 not out is suffering with a badly bruised toe, the result of his great



*Itinerant Musician (to Jones, who has had a bad day). "WELL, GUV'NOR, YOU ARE A WELL-PLUCKED 'UM!"*

feat." If, on the other hand, a *jeu d'esprit* was intended, it is an old one.

What is the difference between an Actress and a Chorus Girl? is a question which has been claiming the attention of the Courts. We should have thought that an Actress is one who speaks, and a Chorus Girl one who squeaks.

A picture by VANDYCK has been sold for fourpence. We are pleased to hear this, for we cannot help thinking that this is the way to put a stop to the growing trade in forgeries. If it were to become customary to sell old masters at such prices it would no longer be worth anyone's while to produce counterfeits.

Answer to a Correspondent:—It is considered pretentious to wear motor-goggles when riding on a motor 'bus.

## Flogging in our Schools.

THAT at least one trainer of the young has no idea of sparing the rod in deference to popular clamour may be proved by the following excerpt from a prospectus (forwarded by a correspondent) in which the Head Mistress announces her intention to fortify (probably by splicing it) the weapon of correction: "By the Material Strengthening of her Staff Mrs. —— hopes to be able to continue her system of individual attention in spite of increasing numbers of Pupils."

## OUR CRICKETING SYBARITES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—The fact that the Australians have petitioned for shorter hours of play, and the action of one of our own first-class bowlers, who won a recent match for his side by going off the field for a bath, resting in the pavilion for an hour, and finally emerging much refreshed to despatch the tail-end of the opposing team, are sure to establish a precedent. Cricketers are not the hardy race they used to be. We may look for some such items of cricket gossip as the following during the remainder of the season :

The sensational strike which led to the defeat of England by 386 runs in the last test match has, we are glad to say, at length been settled. A compromise has been arranged. Instead of iced drinks at the end of every third over, for which the professionals agitated, there will be—in addition to the luncheon and tea intervals—a cucumber-sandwich interval at 12.30, a cold snack at 3.15, a doze at 5.20, and a champagne-cup break at 6.30. These reforms having met with the approval of the strikers, it is expected that England will be strongly represented in the next match.

MESSRS. CABBAGE AND SONS, Athletic Outfitters, announce a new Short Slip Deck Chair. Invaluable to first-class cricketers when the wicket is dry. Hustle is the curse of the present age. Take it easy. 10s. 6d. (or, with shandigaff fountain, 12s. 8d.). A Leicestershire professional writes :—"I used your Short Slip Deck Chair when we played Derbyshire, and managed to get through a whole innings without my usual forty winks in the pavilion."

Sport or Foolhardiness? Although the weather was extremely warm last Monday, Mr. C. McGAHEY successfully accomplished his feat of fielding all through the morning until the luncheon interval without lying down. Interviewed by our representative, he said that he was certainly fatigued, but was glad that he had gone through with it, as it showed that the thing could be done. As a proof of the dangerous spirit of emulation which this feat of endurance has aroused in cricketing circles, we may state that Mr. P. PERRIN has announced his intention of fielding through a whole afternoon without a rest. Where will this stop?

Little "Sid" GREGORY was quite in his old form at the Oval yesterday. His 9 was marred by no chance, and he had bad luck in not reaching double figures. Exhausted nature, however, gave out, and the gallant little batsman was carried to the pavilion on a stretcher

after having been at the wicket for nearly a quarter of an hour.

I hear they want more Bovvin.—A famous batsman writes: "I take nothing else between the overs."—(Advt.)

Considerable amusement was caused on the last day of the Lancashire v. Yorkshire match by the appearance of HAIGH wrapped in a long bath-towel. He bowled two overs, dismissing the last batsman and winning the match, and then retired again. It seems that he had been in the act of taking the shower bath which is now looked on as a necessity by all fast bowlers, when he was informed that the last man was leaving the pavilion. As Lord HAWKE had asked him particularly to try and get back in time for the finish, he hastily slipped on a pair of boots and a towel, and resumed his place in the ranks of the Tykes. His good sportsmanship was loudly cheered by the crowd. Yours, &c.,

HENRY WILLIAM-JONES.

[In an article in the *Daily Chronicle*, entitled "Tea Drunkenness," Dr. JOHN H. CLARKE says, "Persons addicted to tea do not always drink it; cases occur in which the tea-habitue eats it. In one case of this kind the victim actually developed *delirium tremens*. . . . It is a moot point whether tea does not do more harm in this country than alcohol."]

JEAN, wumman, frae my earliest day  
I aye misdooteed tea.  
In vain ye socht  
To change my thocht—  
The tea was no for me :  
A kind o' instinct seemed to say  
Whene'er I saw your wee pot,  
"Man, TAM, beware  
An' ha'e a care !  
There's Deith within yon tea-pot!"

A'body swore I was an ass ;  
But things are changin' noo :  
In Lunnon toun  
They're comin' roun'  
To tak' my verra view.  
I canna but reflec', my lass,  
Hoo wondrous wise is Natur'  
That said, "Gie oop  
The pisoned coop  
An' dinna spare the craytur!"

"Tis gey an' ill the tannin sairves  
Its foolish devotees.  
I'll tell ye what  
Is in the pot  
Ye coddle on your knees :  
There's indigestion, temper, nairves  
An' drunkenness an' greenin's—  
Ye little think  
What sins ye drink,  
My JEAN, at mitthers' meetin's.  
Ye'll soon be seein' rats, nae doot ;  
But dinna wauken me

In unco fricht  
At deid o' nicht  
To catch the beasts ye see.  
An' dinna preach to me aboot  
The dangers o' the bottle !  
Na, JEAN ; I've heard  
The Doctor's word—  
Henceforth I'm tea-teetotle.

MORE GASTRONOMIC DIVACATIONS.  
(With acknowledgments to the "Cornhill Magazine.")

NOTHING stimulates memory so potently as the sense of smell. The fragrance of a Salonica cigarette will transport you to the silken East, the land of Turkish delight, of kabobs and kavasses, of lichees and likin, of paprika, papoutsia and goulash : the scent of a muskrose carries you away to the shores of the Muskrat Lake or possibly (if you have carefully studied the gazetteer) to the banks of the Muskingum river, formed by the junction of the Licking and the Tuscarawas, which flows S.E. to the Ohio, which it joins at Marietta in about 81° 28' W.: while the voluptuous odour of a Finnian haddie shall waft you as on a magician's cloak to the summit of the Finsteraarhorn, to the sumptuous parterres of Finsbury Park, or perhaps to the bailiwick of Finmark in the province and diocese of Tromsö, which is situated between the Arctic Ocean and Russian Lapland. With advancing years and concomitant loss of appetite these flights of gastronomic fancy are strangely compounded of pain and pleasure. But away with melancholy, to quote MULTON and Mr. WELLER. The broad fact remains that *ubi tres homines, duo gastronomici*. Dean STANLEY's failure to reach the episcopal bench was, I have little doubt, due to his never caring how he dined or whether he had dined at all, and the inferiority of the weaker sex is amply accounted for by R. L. STEVENSON's luminous generalisation that women, when left to themselves, almost always subsist on tea and cake. As ROSSINI wittily put it, woman is a creature of high C and high Tea.

But a truce to these preliminary meanderings. In gastronomy more than anything else it is necessary to cut the cackle and come to the dishes. Earliest recollections take me back to the Scots cuisine, which owes much of its refinement to the French alliance. To quote the admirable Crichton-BROWNE, "Scots wha hae wi' FROISSART fed ;" and obviously, as RUSKIN once remarked in one of his rare but engaging flashes of merriment, in the important sphere of bakery (*Ars pistoria*) the Land of Cakes has always appropriated the Abernethy. "We twa ha'e paidleld in the burn," BURNS sweetly sings of his murmuring namesake; and I might echo him with

"We twa hae guzzled i' the burn." I well recall a schoolboy lark when with a truant comrade—one of the McGUBERS of Strath Tuck—we gave our sorrowing families leg-bail and camped out for a couple of nights in the corries of Quinaig, bivouacking in a friendly shepherd's bothy. Our host contributed mushrooms and samphire pickle, and the *plat* of the evening—the *houplat*! as dear old MACBOOTLE, my faithful gillie, used to call it—was a dish of small brown fresh-water halibut, which we caught by tickling under banks and stones. (The halibut, I need hardly remind votaries of WALTON, is one of the most ticklish fish under the canopy.) They were sprinkled with sal volatile from a bottle which we had brought along with us, they were done slowly over a gas-stove with shreds of Bombay Duck which McGUBER, whose father was an old Indian merchant, had thoughtfully stored in his Gladstone bag, and they had the inestimable advantage of never satiating. My record was just over 700, but McGUBER, whose equatorial measurement was greater than mine, more than once got into four figures. From halibut to Ballyhooley, and thence to Ballinahinch and Castleconnell, the transition is inevitable, but the salmon of the Shannon are inferior to those of the Tay, and indeed, for the matter of that, to those of the Irwell, which are notorious for their iron constitution, and have a flavour and colour like nothing else in the whole repertory of mundane comestibles. The genuine recipe for making the best of an Irwell salmon is as follows: You crimp him on the bank, you plunge him into a powerful solution of carbolic acid, Condy, ammoniated quinine, menthol pastilles and old brandy, and then send him by swift messenger, wearing a respirator, to the nearest Officer of Health.

Viewed merely as viands, the Irwell salmon must yield pride of place to those of the Tweed, the Tay and the Spey. Of the trout of the Harris Tweed I am not in a position to speak, but I understand that they have a subdued richness which is all their own. Rhine salmon is overrated, probably owing to the romantic associations of the Lorelei, though it is the best of continental fishes, the Bosnian pilehard and the Lusitanian catamaran alone excepted. But none of the foreign trout surpasses in vivacity those of the Dolomites, and in particular of the Titian country, which are remarkable also for their sumptuous colouring. I agree with BENVENTO CELLINI that there is no sauce like a light flavouring of salsify and salicylic acid, which is also an unrivalled accompaniment to second-day sole. But you should never tamper with a sole fresh from the sea. For six months on end I breakfasted daily at Boulogne on a sole—not, of



#### "THE EYE AS AN AID TO THE EAR."

*Young Lady (repeating conversation to deaf Gentleman). "Miss Frills says it gave her such a fright."*

*Deaf Old Gent. "Eh? I didn't quite—"*

*Young Lady. "Such—a—fright!"*

*Deaf Old Gent. "Ah, yes—I agree with you—so she is!"*

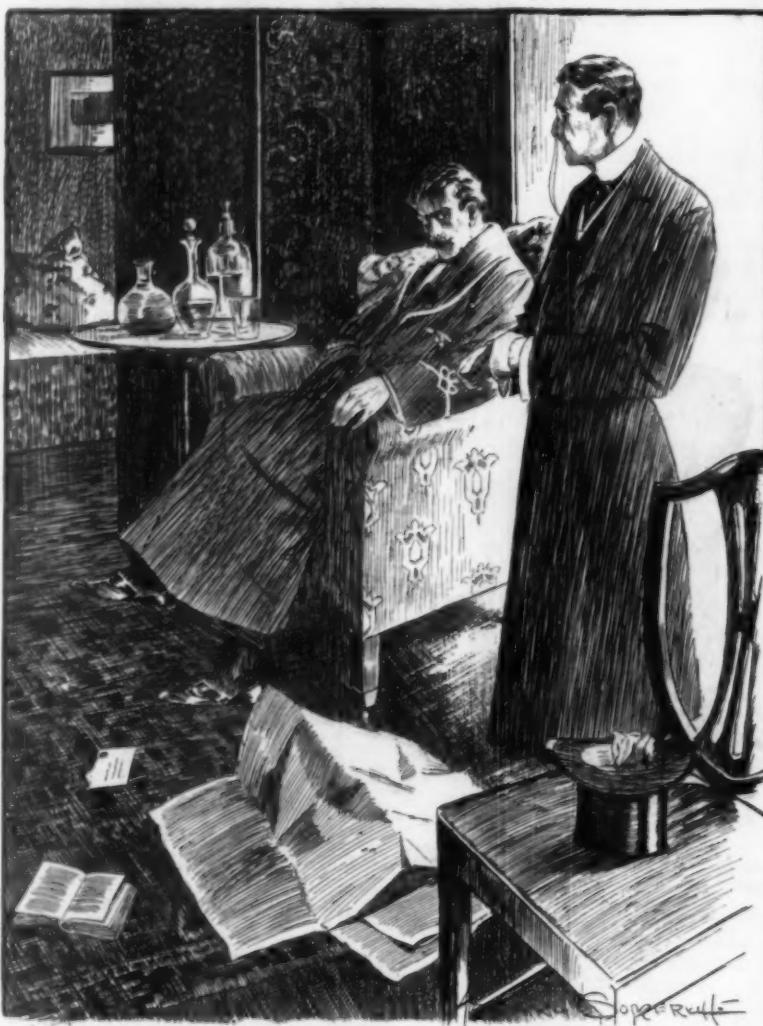
course, the same sole—sent up straight from the brown-sailed fishing-boat, with a simple squeeze of the lemon. But this is not to be confounded with a lemon sole, which is quite another pair of shoes.

The lemon suggests Lake Leman, the trout of Geneva, Swiss watchmakers, Waterbury watches, cuckoo-clocks, Dent's chronometers, the Temple classics, and other engrossing subjects; but, as the great Napoleon said, *il faut se borner*. It is a far cry from Chillon to Tweedmouth or Alnwick, but a good gastronomer is *capable de tout*. Alnwick always reminds me of Sir MOUNTSTUART GRANT DUFF, with whom I once foregathered at

the Castle over grilled steaks of grilse and colllops of venison. Needless to say, he was as prodigal of anecdotes—asay I say Alnwickdotes?—as usual. I remember his describing the bathing machinæs of our noble host at Alnmouth as *Persicos apparatus*, which I thought rather neat.

Much might be said of the woodcock of the sea—the red mullet—with trails as luscious as those of the landbirds, of the eel-pots of Hedsor, of the impropriety of dressed crab, of haggis as a mode of *harakiri*, of the hams of Andalusia, and of spatchcocked mongoose—

[Thanks. That will do nicely for the present.—Ed.]



**"UNFORTUNATELY POSSIBLE."**

*Physician Friend.* "H'm, CANDLE BOTH ENDS AGAIN, I suppose! AH WELL, WE'LL SOON GET OVER THAT. A MAN IS EITHER A FOOL OR A PHYSICIAN AT FORTY, YOU KNOW."

*Impatient Patient (not at all friendly).* "CAN'T HE BE BOTH?"

**THE HORSE.**

[From the article on this animal in the 30th edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 2105.]

It is amusing to think—and not un-instructive too as a lesson in the steady patience and endurance of man—that for years, even centuries, before the motor-car was invented the horse was the principal agent of transit on English roads, not only for people but for goods. There are still standing numerous old houses in England, every stick and stone of which were brought thither by horse haulage. Perhaps we are apt not sufficiently to remember this; but at this time, so soon after the occasion of the unveiling of the skeleton of the *Equus domesticus* at the Natural History Mu-

seum, it is well to consider the claims which this almost obsolete animal once had on the human species.

A few living horses were still to be seen in England until within the last year or so. There was one in the Zoo and three or four on the estate of an eccentric nobleman in the north; but when he died they were allowed to die too. A very old man living in Wiltshire, who was a blacksmith in his prime, can remember as a youth the visit of a travelling circus to his village and his being called in to assist in making shoes for the performing horses; but his memory is very indistinct. His impression is that these shoes were made in the form of crescents and were nailed on the creatures' hoofs; but the story sounds

improbable. There was also living until quite recently a centenarian at Bridgewater, who recollects hearing his father describe the last race by horses for the Derby Stakes. The curious thing is that according to this ancient man's testimony the horses at the Derby were ridden by little boys in bright colours who were tied to their necks.

Old prints and photographs show the horse as a beast not only of draught but of burden. Both men and women in the barbarous times clung to its mane on occasion, but the usual thing was to sit in a cart or carriage and be pulled. There is, however, a record of some of the more hardy of both sexes riding, as it was called, for pleasure; but it is not easy for us, who are accustomed to the comfortable padded seats of the motor-car, to see where the pleasure was to be found. When used for draught purposes the horse was guided by leather straps, which the driver, or chauffeur as we should say, held in his hands and pulled to the right or left as the case might be. For heavy loads as many as four horses might be driven at once.

As one may suppose, very little safety was insured with such a rudimentary mode of locomotion, and the records of accidents are numerous. In those days, a certain remnant of the old retrogressive courtesy still existing, it was customary for a driver who had knocked down a foot-passenger to stop and render assistance. With the advent of the motor-car and the reorganisation of the rights of pedestrians came the saving of all time that hitherto had been spent in such idle forms of politeness, and little accidents to walkers soon settled down as a recognised part of the day's routine, of no more account than changes in the weather.

History records that at first some resentment was shown by pedestrians at the loss of the old thoroughfares which for too long they had come to look upon as their property, to be shared with horses and horse-drawn vehicles; but these revolts soon settle themselves, and in course of a few years it was as natural for the roads to be empty of foot-passengers as before it had been for them to cluster there. The roads are of course for wheels. A man who is so eccentric or impecunious as to use his feet must find his way as he can.

**An Ividious Distinction.**

"To be had of all respectable tobacconists, also from — & Co. Ltd., Strand."—*Advt. in the "Sketch."*

**Every Little Helps**

"NURSE wanted, good needlewoman, to take charge of infant, who will help in housework."—*Church Times.*



### A BIT BELOW HIMSELF.

MR. PUNCH. "ANOTHER DERBY FAVOURITE, MY LORD! THIS REMINDS ME OF THE GLORIOUS DOUBLE EVENT OF '94, LADAS AND THE PREMIERSHIP."

LOD R-S-B-RY. "DON'T MENTION IT!" (Aside) "HOW TACTLESS!"

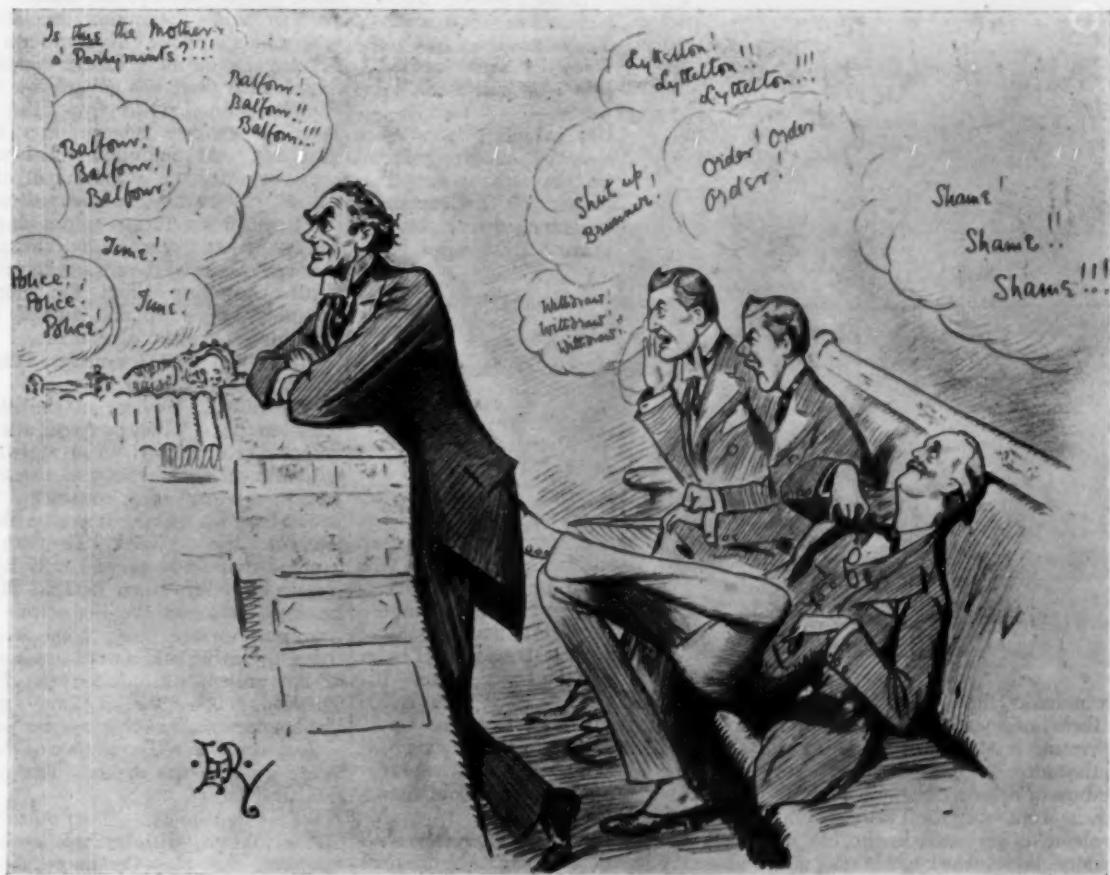


### THE WORLD TRI A

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A KING WHO HAD A DAUGHTER  
WHO WAS SO BEAUTIFUL THAT NO ONE COULD COMPARE WITH HER.  
ONE DAY THE KING'S DAUGHTER WENT OUT INTO THE FOREST.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"ORDER, ORDER!"—OUT OF CHAOS.

The Hon. Alfr-d L-t-t-n, in an innings of fifty minutes, makes "0, not out."

*House of Commons, Monday, May 22.*  
—ALFRED LYTTELTON, Secretary of State for the Colonies, has beat the Parliamentary record. In the longest time he has made the briefest speech ever delivered by a Minister of the Crown standing at the Table of House of Commons. It consisted of three words:  
"The Prime Minister—"

He followed in due course Leader of Opposition, who moved the adjournment with intent to extract from PRINCE ARTHUR definition of his latest attitude on Fiscal Question. C.-B., rising promptly at 9 o'clock, spoke for twenty-five minutes. His address, reasonable in spirit, moderate in tone, was in no wise responsible for what followed. "All we want," he said, regarding PRINCE ARTHUR with persuasive mien, "is a plain simple answer to a plain simple question."

There was a pause whilst DEPUTY-SPEAKER read terms of motion submitted.

All eyes in now crowded House were turned upon PRINCE ARTHUR, lolling with studied negligence on Treasury Bench. Naturally expected he would promptly rise to reply. It was his affair solely and personally. He made no move, and LYTTELTON, appearing at the Table, laid on brass-bound box notes of speech to preparation of which he had sacrificed his dinner.

A moment of dumb amazement followed. House accustomed by this time to PRINCE ARTHUR's cavalier ways, his airy disregard of precedent and conventionalities. This too much. Before LYTTELTON could open his mouth an angry roar burst from crowded ranks of Opposition. "BALFOUR! BALFOUR!" they cried. LYTTELTON looked round with appealing look. Began and ended his speech,

"The Prime Minister—" he said. The roar of "BALFOUR!" rising with

tornadic force silenced him. He stood for full five minutes facing the music. ELLIS, custodian of Parliamentary privilege, rose from back bench behind Opposition Leaders. It was the turn of the country gentlemen, and they sustained their ancient reputation.

"Order, Order!" they bellowed, "LYTTELTON! LYTTELTON!"

After vain effort ELLIS resumed his seat, hoarse and baffled. Might as well have shrieked remonstrance to Niagara tumbling over its cliff. LYTTELTON again appeared at the wicket. The Opposition, having had useful couple of minutes' rest whilst Ministerialists took up the shouting, resumed with fresh vigour.

"BALFOUR! BALFOUR!" they shouted. LYTTELTON stood mute at the Table, with elbow resting on brass-bound box, that in days gone by GLADSTONE used to thump.

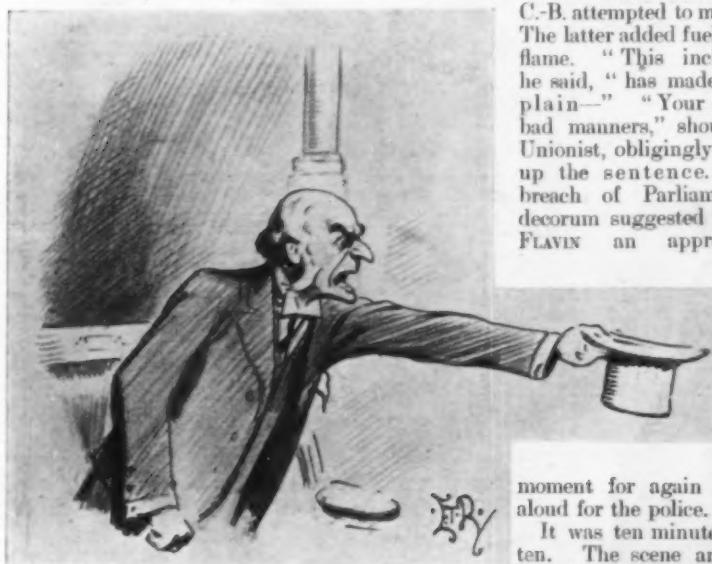
"Speak up!" shouted Mr. FLAVIN.

"We can't hear a word you are saying." Which was true.

WINSTON CHURCHILL proposing to offer

this is the Mother of Parliaments!" "Police! Police!" responded MR. FLAVIN with freshened energy, as if the idea had only just occurred to him.

In turn COUSIN CECIL and C.-B. attempted to mediate. The latter added fuel to the flame. "This incident," he said, "has made quite plain—" "Your d—bad manners," shouted a Unionist, obligingly filling up the sentence. This breach of Parliamentary decorum suggested to MR. FLAVIN an appropriate



Shrieking remonstrance to Niagara.

(Mr. J-hn Ell-s.)

a few remarks, the Ministerialists again took their innings, the Opposition gratefully resting. After battling for a while with the storm WINSTON invented a new procedure in debate. Stepping down to Chair, he bent over the DEPUTY-SPEAKER and shouted his remarks in his ear. This done, he returned to his seat, amid wild howls from Unionists.

With the automatic precision of the figures alternately issuing from either box to forecast sunshine or storm, LYTTELTON, once more appeared at the Table. It turned out to be storm.

The Irish Members, taking lead of the performance, gave a new turn to the shouting. A long time since MR. FLAVIN spent such a happy evening. With recollection of a memorable occasion when he was carried forth on the shoulders of four policemen, his compatriots escorting him singing "God save Ireland," the interference of the police seemed most appropriate to the occasion. Accordingly, at the top of a voice that rose above the whirlwind, he yelled "Police! Police!" Another Irish Member of military tendency insisted on sending for the Horse Guards. Charming idea. Nothing so appropriate for clearing the Chamber as horses prancing up and down the gangways, taking the table in their stride. Still another, in mournful voice indicating a sorely stricken soul, moaned, "And

moment for again crying aloud for the police.

It was ten minutes past ten. The scene and the shouting had been incessant for full thirty minutes. PRINCE ARTHUR, responding to appeal made by Leader of Opposition, rose. His appearance at the Table was hailed with triumphant shout from the Opposition. Comparative silence reigned whilst he deprecated as absurd, unworkable, the demand that he should immediately follow C.-B.

"It is," he said, "not consistent with usage or ideas of justice that the criminal in the dock—and that is the situation I am supposed to occupy—should offer his defence before he has heard the whole of the accusation."

This said, he sat down, and COLONIAL SECRETARY, with the now familiar automatic movement, emerged on the scene. Stood at the box as before. With renewed vehemence a hearing was refused him.

At end of first half-hour JOHN BURNS suggested, in interest of the dignity of House, that DEPUTY-SPEAKER, in obedience to Standing Order added after the free fight on the Home Rule Bill, should close the scene by forthwith adjourning the House. LOWTHER (J. W.) admitted his mind had turned in that direction, but he was loth precipitately to take unprecedented action.

Another twenty minutes sped; the fingers of the clock pointed to half-past ten. The COLONIAL SECRETARY once more at the Table, dumb amid the uproar. For the fifth time he made his succinct speech.

"The Prime Minister—" he said. The angry roar burst forth again,

and with fixed sickly smile LYTTELTON surveyed the turbulent scene. Plainly no hope of cessation on other terms than surrender by PRINCE ARTHUR. He, with gallant attempt to lighten with familiar smile a countenance flushed with anger, stretched his slim form with affected ease on the Treasury Bench.

Evidently there was no yielding there. Equally plain that the Opposition were good for another hour and a half's shouting. At midnight relief would come by automatic adjournment of the debate. Meanwhile, in present temper of House, worse things might happen. DEPUTY-SPEAKER accordingly, citing the new rule, declared the sitting suspended. With a mighty shout the crowded assembly leaped up and surged forth through the shamed glass doors.

"This will be a lesson for ARTHUR," said a jubilant Liberal.

"Possibly," replied a meditative Ministerialist. "But, you see, after all he got his own way. You moved the adjournment in the hope of extracting from him a damaging statement. You insisted on his making it at a particular moment. He declined. Then we had a scene that finds parallel only in the riot we kicked up when in 1893 Mr. G. proposed to closure the Home Rule Bill. And now we are going home without ARTHUR's having said a word explanatory of his present attitude on the Fiscal Question. It's been a lively game. But honours, such as they are, are easy."

*Business done.*—The Mother of Parliaments goes on the spree. The police are called for.

*Wednesday night.*—The other day Colonel WEILY, with amiable desire to recapture for the Commons its old



"And is this the first deliberative Assembly in the wurld?!!"

(Mr. M-ch-l Fl-v-n.)



**BRIDGE PROBLEMS.—No. 3.**

WHAT DID SHE DECLARE HEARTS?



"The Mother of Parliaments" as seen on the evening of May 22, 1905;  
Or, Wanted a "Ducking-chair for Scolds."

position as the most comfortable Club in London, met with a rebuff. In Committee of Supply he told a moving story of the habit of certain, happily unnamed, Members who resort to the Library at an early hour, turn up a chair at the table in token of appropriation of the place, and then go out for a drive in the Park. Without exactly formulating the request, he, in his more mellifluous tones, suggested it would be a nice thing if Lord BALCARRES, as representing the First Commissioner of Works, would take an occasional stroll round the Library, removing these fraudulent evidences of pegged-out claims.

The noble Lord rather curtly dismissed the suggestion. To-day WELBY comes up smiling, with another bright idea.

"Why not," he asks, "arrange to change the colour of the light on the Clock Tower as soon as a division is declared, so as to inform Members approaching the House that a division is about to take place?"

As the question was put, an animated scene was presented to the mind's eye. A Member of comely proportions—say MABON or Mr. CROOKS—is strolling down from his West-End Club. Approaching the crossing at bottom of Parliament Street he observes the bright flame that crowns the Clock Tower, in sign that the House is sitting, suddenly suffer a sea change, becoming a sickly green, a raucous red, or a blazing blue. A division has been called. There are still three minutes before the doors are locked. Can he manage it?

He will at least try. Behold MABON, with Mr. CROOKS a good second, bolting across the roadway to the danger of his life, taking Palace Yard with a hop, skip and jump, rushing upstairs, bounding across the central Lobby and just finding the door closed in his face.

The prospect is alluring. But BALCARRES has no imagination. Business of the Board of Works could not be carried on if he had. Talked about cost and

difficulty of manipulating the operation. Full of resources WELBY, as alternative, suggested placing in Palace Yard a gong, peradventure a trumpet. Or perhaps HOWARD VINCENT would oblige. His "Hear! hear!" murmured at the psychological moment would, in the matter of range, serve all useful purposes.

BALCARRES lingered over the idea of the trumpet. So many hon. Members would be ready to blow their own. That would, of course, meet the objection as to cost. On the whole he was not encouraging, and WELBY, retiring to the library, and finding a chair conveniently turned up, appropriated it and thought of something else.

*Business done.—Still harping on the Budget.*

#### SOLECISMS.

SOLISTRY, or character-reading by the lines of the foot, is quite the vogue in America, and bids fair to outrival the attractions of Palmistry in this country. Not only by the lines on the sole but by the size and shape of the foot can the most unexpected propensities be discovered.

Thus, according to expert solists, the short, plump, rosy-toed specimen is indicative of an uncontrollable gaiety of disposition alternating with rapid gusts of temper, and is generally found among ladies of the lower-upper and upper-middle classes, though also evident in steam laundry circles.

The nervous, sensitive and highly-strung foot indicates indifference for the feelings of others, absence of mental calibre, and an insatiable appetite for unmerited admiration. This type is most frequently found among public school-boys, inspectors of nuisances, and A. B. C. cashiers.

The square, spreading, flat-footed type shows a predisposition for decorum and a tendency to leisure, not to say lethargy. This class is confined almost exclusively to diplomatic circles and the police force.

The long, slim, vanishing-pointed foot denotes an envious, hysterical and repellent temperament, and though met with in exclusive *côteries* is generally identified with better-class burglars and R. A. Bridge-players.

The gnarled, rugged, corrugated description reveals that its owner is the dupe of his party and easily prejudiced in his own favour, and is usually limited to rural deans, motor-bus drivers, and toy-dog fanciers.

The pugnacious, excitable and explosive foot shows an undeveloped tendency to colour blindness, and a weakness for oysters and flash jewellery, and though widely distributed among maternities of all classes is frequently evident in boot-strikers and umpires of the national game.

## OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, May 22.—The very biggest and most brilliant House of the season up to present date. Rich and rare were

the gems that everybody who possessed them, even for this occasion only, wore, so that the contrast between the misery and squallor of the attic-story of *La Bohème* and the luxury and magnificence of the front of the House, was a very striking note of this operatic performance. The punctuality of

Petit souper. Mimi-Melba chez Rodolfo - Caruso; or, The "Puff Preliminary" to the light blow-out. was also remarkable, as within a quarter of an hour of the advertised time of commencement there was not a box empty, and scarcely a seat vacant. The cast of the opera differed in no way from that made familiar to us last season, and Signor MANCINELLI, *molto invigorato* by a few bars rest and the tonic *sol fa* of the Sea natural at Brighton, appeared up to time, with *bâton*, like himself, in most flourishing condition. The men of his chosen band rallied around their conductor, and the result was all that could be desired by the most exacting critic.

Signor CARUSO was at his very best to-night, and his rendering of "Chi son? Sono un poeta," was magnificent, the great effect with which he startled the house and evoked unanimous enthusiasm being obtained without the slightest appearance of effort. And what a costume, what a make-up, what a seedy out-at-elbows suspicious-looking Leicester Square refugee is this Bohemian poet, this unkempt rhapsodist, in whose *amour* with the accommodating *grisette*, *Mimi*, MÜRGER has so interested us that we weep when they weep, laugh when they laugh, and willingly condone their lack of principle, their laziness, and happy-go-lucky conduct, as representing the tricks and manners of a set of amusing "irresponsibles" characteristic of the Quartier Latin in the early part of last century.

Are not M. GILBERT as the musician Schaunard, Signor SCOTTI as Marcello the painter, and M. JOURNET as Colline the philosophic and literary gent, all perfect in their separate pictures of these jovial impecunious "good fellows," to whom

soap and water, and the services of a hair-dresser, must be among the luxuries of life that are for ever denied? What a type too is Musetta, played in most sprightly manner and charmingly sung by Miss E. PARKINA, with her vile temper, her slyness, her avarice, her caprice, coquetry, and good nature, constituting a character which,

suggesting comparison between *cocotte* and *grisette*, serves as a strong relief to the sympathetic, amiable, loving but wayward *Mimi*, who, but for her complacency, might have been a happily married *bourgeoise*. With Madame MELBA in this part all opera-goers are by now familiar, but rarely, if ever, has she been in more perfect voice, or given a better impersonation of the character than to-night.

The calls after every Act were overwhelming, but no encores were taken. Disappointing to some exacting persons,



"Nous voici encore! O mon p'tit chou!"

Aleindoro-Dufrière, Marcello-Scotti, Musetta-Parkina, Schaunard-Gilbert.

no doubt: but very wise action on the part of the artistes. By the way, the repetition in the Third Act of the effect created in the First, by the pair of lovers *Mimi* and *Rodolfo* walking off the stage and finishing their duet outside, seems to suggest a lack of invention in stage business.

His MAJESTY, with Royalties and a most distinguished company, was present, and the harmony of our proceedings at Covent Garden contrasted favourably with the turbulent scenes taking place, the very same night, in "Another Place" that would have disgraced even

the traditions of an orgie in the real *Vie de Bohème*.



Mr. Whitehill as Escamillo, a Torrey-adoressing an enthusiastic meeting.



CARMEN'S VOICE OF DESTINY.

"No cards" (worth mentioning). "Friends at a distance will kindly accept this intonation."

*Tuesday.*—Good house, not equal to Monday's. RICHTER conducting Wagnerian *Tannhäuser* grandly; orchestra perfect as ever. Quite a queenly *Bess* is Frau WITTICH as *Elisabeth*, singing perfectly and well meriting enthusiastic call at the end of the Second Act. Frau REINL as *Venus* would not on this occasion have received the golden pippin from Paris, or from London, as a reward of the first class. Herr BURRIAN as the knightly, or one night only, *Tannhäuser*, is not all our fancy would have painted him. On the other hand, as *Wolfram*, Herr VAN ROOT acts and sings magnificently; a right Rooyal performance. Fräulein ALLEN as the shepherd, *Ein Hirt*, is heard to greatest advantage; it is a small part, but she would be *Hirt* indeed were no mention made of her. As to Herr HINCKLEY, his *Hermann* is dignified, and his singing leaves nothing to be desired, except that he should repeat his success on another occasion.

*Wednesday.*—*Carmen*. Mlle. DESTINN is not destined to make us forget CALVÉ. Sings well, but lacks the "go" and devilry essential to the reckless Spanish gipsy. M. DALMORES is a first-rate *Don José*, his singing splendid, his acting good. The better this part is played the worse it is for this weak infatuated character of the drama. Mlle. DONALDA as the comparatively colourless *Micaëla* makes the hit of the evening. In Act III. her charming voice seems to have gained fresh vigour from the bracing climate of the heights, and the audience is braced up to enthusiasm by the mountain air which she sings so delightfully. M. GUILBERT & Cie. are all as lively and as dramatically amusing as ever, and the performance of the orchestra under MESSAGER—some way under him—is of course first-rate. We do not as yet notice any further announcement of *Don Pasquale*. Wouldn't the King of SPAIN like to see this gem?

#### AN ENGLISH NAME FOR CHAUFFEURS.

MONSIEUR LE RÉDACTEUR,—On dit que vous avez l'habitude, vous autres Anglais, toutes les fois qu'il vous arrive d'emprunter aux étrangers quelque chose d'utile, d'y approprier un nom national et particulier. Ainsi notre *Pas de Calais* se voit-il anglicisé—de mon plein gré—sous la forme de *Straits of Dover*. De même, la *clôture*, nom béni, se transforme, suivant votre idiotisme, en *closure*, et l'*automobile*, invention française, se traduit assez convenablement en *motor-car*. Pourquoi donc, Monsieur, ne pas donner aux *chauffeurs*, une fois pour toutes, le titre honorable de *scorchers*, que vous avez, du reste, déjà sous la main?

Agréez, Monsieur le Rédacteur, &c.,  
AUGUSTE FRANÇOIS.

#### More Cases of Commercial Candour.

(1) At the East Barnet Valley Urban Council a letter was received from a Farm Dairy to the effect that "they had understood that a constant water supply would be provided in the district. They had been anxiously waiting, and would be glad to know when they could expect it."—*Barnet Times*.

(2) From a Bon Marché Catalogue:

"22 PAIRS OF SUPERIOR TAN GLACÉ BAR SHOES.  
Sale price, 10s. 9d.; were 6s. 11d."

#### "A Little Learning," &c.

It seems that a gentleman at the Parliamentary Bar recently twitted a brother barrister with having "roared as gently as a sucking-dove," and was reported as having said "sucking-pig." The learned comments of the *Folkestone Express* upon this mischance are worth preserving. "I think," says that journal, "it served him right for using such a metaphor. Doves are not mammalia, nor do they 'roar!'" Poor, poor SHAKSPERE!

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ENCOURAGED by the welcome accorded to the *Letters of a Diplomat's Wife*, SMITH, ELDER issue a new volume, being *Italian Letters of a Diplomat's Wife*. They make pleasant reading, but lack the personal and historic interest pertaining to the first series when, as the wife of the French Ambassador, Mme. WADDINGTON visited Russia and was present during the stirring times that followed the assassination of the CZAR and the enthronement of his successor. When, in 1880, she visited Italy, her husband had already gone into retirement from Ministerial life. On her later tour she was a widow, and when she went to St. Peter's to witness the ceremony of the Anniversary of the POPE she "took her chance in the Church with the ordinary sightseers," and, worse than all, "wore a short cloth skirt," an untoward circumstance, consciousness of which for her marred the beauty of the spectacle. As in the former work, the reader is frequently taken into confidence on the subject of Madame's frocks, details doubtless interesting to the family circle to which the letters were originally addressed. She records dining one night in Rome to meet a Cardinal. "When I came downstairs to dinner I found all the ladies with lace fichus or boas on their shoulders, and I was told that I was quite incorrect, that one couldn't appear décolletée in a Cardinal's presence." It is well to know that, and gratifying to mere humanity to learn that after dinner the Cardinal had his hand at Bridge. My Baronite gets a pretty glimpse of an old friend in another chance reference. "The young Marchesa RUDINI (*née LABOUCHÈRE*) looked charming as a white and silver butterfly, and danced beautifully." There is something incommunicably alluring in the idea of our LABBY becoming the father-in-law of an Italian Marquis.

Few foreigners know *Home Life in France* better than Miss BETHAM-EDWARDS. The result of her observation and study will be found in a collection of papers published by METHUEN under that title. Some my Baronite has met before in magazines. The circumstance only adds pleasure to renewal of acquaintance. There is hardly a subject, from the Baby to the Juge de Paix, from the Single Lady to the Conscript, from Brides and Bridegrooms to Wives and Mothers, that is not dealt with in a chatty, informing way. The chapter on housekeeping is peculiarly interesting just now, not only to heads of families but to politicians, as undesignedly throwing light on the influence of Protection upon so prosaic a matter as the cost of daily living.

'Mid the Thick Arrows (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is a lively account of doings and sayings in London society, touched with tragedy in Paris and mystery in California. Mr. MAX PEMBERTON's skit on the *grandes dames* of London society and the feeble folk, the conies, who flutter round some of them, is entertaining. The mystery that underlies *Quentin Caird's* first marriage and breaks up his home, is, perhaps designedly, increased by the fact that it is not very clearly explained. My Baronite to this day cannot make out the story of the first wife, or understand why, when he wanted to get home to his second wife, *Quentin* was kidnapped, drugged, and carried off in a convenient sailing ship with three masts and a melodramatic captain. But that only gives pause for thinking, and novel-readers like to think they are thinking.

